46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury

1905?

Wretched Woman,

Leo is delighted to accept my charming article – so there! Also four crocks & spoons. I thought that little for was a failure anyhow: I think Gon must be too good a critic to see what with xell – that is my melancholy conclusion, if my article has been really good, Leo would at once taken it. But I want a little peace hopelessly at this moment – I spend 5 days of precious time

looking through Henry James' Letters
for Mrs Lyttelton, & write a very
hard-working review for her; then come
& order to cut at quite half-
at once, as it has to be into next
week's Guardian, & the Passengers, I
suppose, proper midwifery to liberate.
So I gave up to menials, ate, & had
to begin about me with a pair of
scissors: literally I cut two sheets
to pieces, wrote a scrawl to mend them
together & so sent the maimed thing
off - with a curse. I never hope to
see it again. It was quite cool before
the official eye fell upon it: now
it is worthless, & does it in the

that represent all the toil I put into it
& the book deserved a good & careful review.
However, to make up, the Times has sent
me two trashy books, about Thackeray
& Dickens & I may write 1500 words
or so — Bruce Richmond is generous.
& this, with the Nat: Give me a
little care for you in the face of that
righteous old guardian. Really I
never read such pedantic commonplace
as the Guardianess: it takes up
the line of a governess & maiden Lady,
& high church Parson reigned; how they
ever got such a black little goat into
their fold, I cant conceive. I
spent all today reading Latin, out
of pure virtue; & on Sunday preach.
What a bore about the Walter article!
I think the Outlook & the Independent are
the only possible two now — but I
dont know that she wants to try
elsewhere. At Sarges dinner, which

way more helpful & dreary than you can conceive.
Every person I talked to spoke almost with
tears of the greatness & beauty of Walt — &
wouldn't admit the possibility of criticism
of him, I rubbed, in the sensible British
Public. Sarge living with an awful lot of
trouble; & daughter who is not up to his
level, & strange gossip —

I suppose we shall meet till the
1st when I hope to have the
pleasure of shaking you by the hand on the
staircase. NYPL

Where going to tea with the
Stones tomorrow: a long letter from
Katherine, visiting an Christian
Nancy!

Yr Aff.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Jan 3. 1906

My Violet.

My letters are getting rare & few. We all grow old & bald & toothless - & this is one of my aged scribbles - to a matter of fact nothing much has happened. I think. Vanessa & I have been going about, but Christmas is a dismal time. I have been writing all the morning: not a word will ever be seen in print as by mortal

Eyes : Except mine. Doesn't that excite
you? Shall you be able to sleep
tonight? This mystery is an Echoyan
for your mystery. What great schemes
can you B. possibly have made,
Are we all to share bedrooms in
some Country Cottage; or is Dickenson
a Stephen started with a capital
of £50,000? Your brain is
such a boiling fizz of plots. That
anyone may hatch at any moment.
Why don't you say how sorry bronchitis
is, or how you feel or anything

about your vile body.' I confess I do
hate it, but there are the penalties
of friendship. Nelly looked
very ill & shrunk I thought - but I
am no judge, & it may be temporary.
It really is something to weep over
when one sees her; I mean her drapers.
She couldn't keep a diary abroad she
said, because she listened to write what-
people said, & she had heard nothing!
Great Mercy! she seems both beyond
the reach of human help; but St. Mercia
has had her day.
I feel talk bores Nelly too; do one
doesn't know what to do for her.
She said you had been an ideal companion;
& I really think she meant it; always
amused, & full of life &c &c

I am reading a Greek play, & Virgil &
Shakespeare. By the way I bought my
£5 worth. So really I feel virtuous,
& no pot boiler.

Nessa has done a picture of me,
& a picture of 3 different reds.
However she shall tell you. Oh Lord,
do come back, without any chits this
time. We are loaded with Mrs
Forrest, as you are loaded with us.
She sits vaguely in the drawing room
for hours, & forgets whether she had
tea or dined last, & whether children
have meat or wine. My head spins
with her stories; until I can sternly
'Mrs Forrest take my advice & learn
Greek' It is like a nightmare.

Yrs VW.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

June 16. 1906.

My Violet,

I couldn't come before, but I will try & come at 4.15 tomorrow.

O dear what endless pain there is for some one to feel — poor Margaret — how we hear that Moorson a friend of Judy's & Adrians has killed himself. He was dining here the other day.

I saw a very likely house

in Upper Montagu St today.
Adrian went me to say that
he has lost your cheque.
Aint it like the family!

E M A.

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dear Violet.

To morrow I have to spend in the dentist's arm chair as usual — so think of me crooning whatever you feel particularly tabby.

A letter from Ella just come, in which she alludes to that delightful meeting which she did not enjoy a week ago.

Shant I broil in Hell one day?

To morrow also is my working women, for whom I have been making out a vivid account of the battle of Hastings. I hope to make their flesh creep! Aint it ridiculous - teaching working women about the ancient Britons!

NYPL

The Cat was taken into the Square to day, where it was drenched in a thunder shower, & had to be taken home, - my arms are scratched all over in consequence.

Why do I go on writing to you, when
there are three serious & sober & very
intelligent letters that I must write?
It is because you are one of those
dangerous women who exercise not at
all the right kind of influence over
young girls - & Virginia should be
so careful whom she knows - & I
don't think Violet Dickinson is at
all the friend I should like for my
girls. No darling, she interfered
with poor Mr. Crum - & made him
many a woman who might sit
upon committees - e e e e.
It is if you could have seen his poor
mother as I did. when she heard the
news - No. I do not like
Violet Dickinson.

Ask me another day, when Margaret
Lyttelton's leave from troubling.
I suppose the holy rites and
the Bishops are now over, —
the Lyttelton family more virtuous
than ever.

NYPL

Come up again, before
we are all burnt to cinders.
My skirt has just come off.

L AS.

this work is probably going to undergo many alterations

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

March 8th 1906

On Babies

My Molet.

Here is another work for you to keep over. You see what a modest kind of author I am by that sentence. Don't bother to read it quick; I am in no hurry. We had stout Sarah Bailey to tea; & Lucia Creighton & 2 Monsells. My God! We are beginning to follow your Example.

L W B.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

March 8th 1906

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